

Johnny Yount

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Disappearing through
ID Acquisition

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For Brenda Video

Johnny Yount

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**Disappearing through
ID Acquisition**

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Vanish!
Disappearing through ID Acquisition
by Johnny Yount
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Preface

This book outlines two basic methods of ID modification: the Quick Vanish, a contingency plan for sudden or temporary dropping out; and the Permanent Vanish, a variation and amplification of the so-called Infant Identity or Paper Trip method, useful for disappearing from the face of the earth forever.

I am satisfied that the information contained herein will be a hundred times more beneficial to you if you will keep these two systems and their applications to your situation in mind. The serious and creative student of ID modification will make mental notes on the complementary nature of both systems, and ideally, in the end will in fact have (consciously or unconsciously) engineered an eclectic *third* system of his own making, custom tailored to his particular need.

Should the writer thus set your wheels to turning, he will consider himself amply rewarded.

In the past eight years I have suffered many great personal tragedies: divorce, death (nearly my own), and the loss of two fortunes.

I have no control over death, that last enemy, for that power lies in other Hands.

I am satisfied that I could not have foreseen the bizarre circumstances that destroyed my home.

But the financial ruin could have been prevented. If only I had known then what I am about to share with you in the pages of this book...

—Johnny Yount
Vancouver, B.C., 1986

Introduction

And they worshipped the beast, saying, "Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?"

—The Revelation of St. John the Divine 13:4b

What the world needs is another book, right?

Some years ago at the behest of a friend of mine who felt I had sufficient expertise to do so, I set out to write a book on an indigenous religious movement. After doing some preliminary homework, however, I found that my topic was already the most hashed and rehashed subject on the face of the earth. In fact there are more books about the founder of that religion than there are about Abraham Lincoln.

So much for the twentieth century theological masterpiece. The book idea went on the back

burner for a while as I attempted to survive a bitter divorce.

In the process of that divorce I learned some good and some decidedly not so good information. Among the un-good stuff, for example, I learned from an accountant friend that every time you write a check, the information (your name, how much, when, etc.) goes on a million computers, government and private. The bureaucrats have computers; the banks have computers, all God's children have computers!

I further learned that the information on these computers is about as confidential as a dead body on your front lawn.

When I rightly inquired as to the purpose of all this record-keeping, I was informed that that was just the way life was in the big city. A far less satisfactory answer (if such were possible) was provided by a lame-brained government agent who said that all the computer data was necessary to keep track of criminals.

Sure. "Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Capone. You're making a withdrawal for how much? And you'd like to cash a check for \$22,000 from Bugs Moran. Certainly, sir. . . ." Give me a break. The fact is that there are legions of information maniacs out there whose life-long desire is to snoop on everybody everywhere. Some are just nosy; others (IRS, etc.) have designs on the law-abiding citizens which are far more malignant than simple insatiable curiosity.

Among the good things I learned is that it is possible to *fight back*! It is no longer a foregone conclusion that in order to survive in 20th Century America you have to be a data file in everybody's brother's computer banks. After much trial, and, looking back, much laughable error, I am satisfied that I have distilled down into this one book all the information you'll ever need to go where you want to go, do what you want to do, and be who you want to be without having a bunch of self-serving, brainless, faceless, soul-less bureaucratic mattoids tracing your every step on their computer screen.

Most folks dream from time to time of being someplace else. But few do anything about it, and still fewer actually find themselves in the kind of dire straits that actually necessitate a vanish.

However, recently, an acquaintance of mine offered her own horror story: it seems her former husband is not satisfied with simply divorcing her. It is far to his preference to call or show up at inopportune times and threaten her with serious bodily harm. No matter where she moves or how many times she changes her phone number, he still manages to find her. She is obviously one of the many people in this country who needs to vanish without a trace!

For example, those of us who live in California are beset with a mountain of idiotic bureaucracy unavailable in most other states. My inclination to obey any of the infinite number of statutes

and laws that seek to regulate my every move and thought is at an all-time low ebb, and sinking lower even as I write.

The first bit of business that can be dealt with handily by having a workable *nom de voyage* is owning a firearm. Let me philosophize that I am no fan of guns; they are an ugly testimonial to the human nature's proclivity toward war-like activity. However, if someone enters my home without my personal invitation, they may count on having their genitalia non-surgically removed by Drs. Smith and Wesson. Those of you humanitarians may take heart knowing that the operation will be for the most part painless, as I will thoughtfully remove the top of his head in similar fashion only seconds later.

Aside from the above horrifying scenario, I am unaware of any instance wherein I would actually brandish or use a firearm.

Years ago I was personal friends with a man who was (maybe still is) a manager of several famous rock singers. He told me that one of his clients was especially unreliable due to a seemingly insatiable sexual appetite.

During one illicit encounter, right at the least opportune time (and when one is partying with someone's wife when *is* an opportune time?!) Hubby came home. In that he was not expected for many hours, one is left to presuppose that he had a clue as to what was going on while he was away. Anyway, the nameless show business

luminary high-tailed it for the closet. Imagine his vexation when he realized in a matter of a moment that the first place the enraged husband was checking was the closets!

Fortunately, the rock star had the prescience to arm himself with a small handgun should any such contingency arise.

All at once the closet flew open, the husband looked in and saw our hero crouched there holding nothing but a towel and that pistol. "Nope. Nobody in here," the heretofore angry spouse commented as he hurriedly effected his escape.

Imagine the carnage and the very possible loss of a cherished entertainer had that gun not made the peace!

Back to business: there is no need to regulate an honest man's use of a gun. It is with this in mind I find the California gun "laws" so befuddling and chafing. Would someone out there in literaryland please wire the Governor and inform him that a crook does not generally pick up his supplies at a sporting goods store? I would be interested to know if any government agency could name me ten convicted gunmen who shopped at Gemco, and saved.

As you are perhaps aware, for me, an honest and totally non-violent citizen, to buy a gun in this state requires my filling out a host of needle-nose bureaucratic forms and waiting **fifteen days** before I can pick up the gun. I wonder if I am adequately communicating to you the utter contempt I have

for such a pointless regulation.

No trouble, though, for the ID modifier who has taken the time to acquire hard ID in neighboring states where one is not required to go through the mandatory waiting period. Whatever I need in the way of firearms is as nearby as a weekend's vacation to Arizona or Nevada.

No wait, no hassle! And why not? This mask is on the side of law and order!

Another example that presents itself is that in this day and age where social planners have seen to it that all members of the family have to work simply to make ends, well, come perilously close to meet, sort of, the conscientious shopper will want to consider the fact that the sales tax on an automobile in, say, California would run well over a thousand dollars on a \$15,000 car. (I am writing this in 1986. If perchance this book is so well received that it survives many years, these figures will no doubt have to be revised to make any sense. Even at this writing, the idea of a \$15,000 car is becoming almost preposterous, especially when one considers the fact that no car can be purchased for anything anywhere near what it is advertised for, what with licensing fees, dealer prep (whatever the hell that is—no wait! I know what it is: dealer prep is where some guy who can't speak English sprays the car with a hose every morning. That will run you an extra two to three hundred dollars, perhaps more depending on how big a fool you're willing to play) and, let us not forget freight! The

man who sells you your television or washing machine would never have the temerity to advertise his product for \$500 and then tell you it's really \$800 because the ad didn't figure in the cost of freight.

Anyone who has coasted through the most elementary merchandising class in high school knows that the cost of getting your product from factory to store is part of the **overhead**. Somehow, auto dealers are allowed to nail that on as something extra they straightfacedly and seemingly without inconvenience refer to as "freight." We're talking some substantial bucks in sales tax that can be successfully and painlessly avoided. Why shell out all those hundreds (conceivable thousands!) of dollars when you can purchase your car in another state that has no sales tax, and thereby pocket the savings?!

Perhaps your interest in buying a car in some other area has less to do with dollars per se, and more to do with your state's punitive smog and emission laws. (Am I the only one who knows catalytic converters are a joke? Somehow, I have always thought that years ago some governor's brother owned a company that was going broke, because all it manufactured was a gadget you could attach to your car's engine that dramatically reduced performance and engine life, and was demonstrably a persistent, serious danger during fire season. Somehow, for all these perceived drawbacks [picky, picky!], a researcher discovered that

the converter, as it was called, actually did something that was sellable: it reduced somewhat a certain particulate that caused a certain kind of pollution. The fact that it thereby increased a more dangerous pollution factor of a different sort was carefully not mentioned. So, the governor bails his brother's company out by passing a law that by such-and-such-a-year you have to have one of these wonder working devices on your car. If such a scenario seems impossible, I hold out little hope for you.)

Take my cousin, Steve, for example. He builds automobiles, nice ones, for a living. As is always the case, when one is an expert, he knows the bureaucrats haven't the slightest idea what they're talking about when it comes to his area of expertise. For Steve to buy the car he wants, he has to go out of state. By the next time he decides to move up to a current model year, he will have already been the proud owner of an autographed copy of this book, and will thereby be fully apprised of the many excellent advantages of being a resident of another state.

Those who would like to try to buy a car, for example, in Oregon, and then bring it back across to California with all its relentless smog laws, will encounter some serious setbacks. You see, these different state governments enter into covenants with one another to screw up people like you. However, for one who has a local hard ID, the purchase of a car in Oregon becomes only as much

trouble as it is for you to get from where you are to where that tax-free, non-smog-device automobile is.

Kindly note that some (conceivably all) of the techniques described herein may involve doings that are against some law or statute in your area.

To all of this, of course, the soul of reason cries out that it is a cardinal doctrine of democracy (articulated most eloquently by Lincoln and Jefferson) that no citizen is bound to obey any law which is repugnant to intelligence, decency, freedom, conscience, and most especially, the Constitution.

This book is for you if you are one of us who has *had it* with being a pawn in their game regulated from cradle to grave; to you, the one who for whatever reason needs to vanish. You are no longer alone.

The Most Important Thing!

*Well, the thing is. . . what I mean is. . . er. . . uh. . .
hehehehehehehehehehehehhehhehhehhehhehheh.*

—George “Kingfish” Stevens

Before we jump into all this dirty business, there is one thing you have got to master. Fail here and you fail everywhere! In identity modification (whatever method you use) there is one overriding principle that makes the machinery of dropping out run smoothly. You could sooner drive a car without oil as create a new “you” without it:

Having your story squared away.

My father was a Navy man, and more times than I can count he would insist that things be “squared away.” That was just the Old Salt’s way of indicating that every contingency must be anticipated, every item on the agenda covered, and no loose ends. Period. You can stop reading right now and go back to your TV if you think you can

successfully change your ID and really make it work without having your story squared away.

Example 1: You're at the passport photo place getting many, many pictures of your lovely and talented self to use on facsimile IDs (more on that later). Why are you getting so many? Are you aware that because you work for a multinational company with offices all over the world, a photo of you must be on file in every one of those offices due to the international terrorist situation? Or, perhaps it has slipped your mind that the prison hospital in which you serve meals has your photo on a master panel at every guard station in the facility. Or are you (be honest now!) going to stand there and give them your Ralph Kramden impersonation ("homminahomminahommmina") and faint dead away when the nosy clerk asks you why you want so many?

If all of this is too much for you at the outset, you can obviate the problem of even needing a cover story if you do your cons out of town in a shop you'll never see again as long as you live. To them you don't have to give answers. So what if they smell a rat. Tell them to push off and mind their own business.

For the most part, all the businesses and services described in this book will require your having your story squared away to get what you need from them. I can assure you on the basis of experience that no matter where you go, some clerk or salesperson or whoever is going to ask you

where “you” are from, or why “you” need a photo copy of thus-and-such, or why “you” want a wig when you’re not really bald yet, or why “you” don’t have a driver’s license, et al. You had better be ready with a totally plausible cover story.

A method I found quite useful when I was first getting started in modificationdom (a method I no longer need, by the way. You’ll outgrow it, too!) was to spend an entire evening as my new character. I’d go to a nearby (not too nearby) municipality and meet people, introducing myself as my new identity. I’d tell them where “I” was from, what “I” did, etc. If you don’t feel quite that brazen, you might try just spending an evening at home by yourself as the new you. Recite out loud who “you” are, etc., etc., until you are completely comfortable using that identity. After some practice, you’ll be pleasantly surprised how easily you’ll slip in and out of the new you.

Example 2: Years ago, before I had pretty well mastered ID modification, I found myself standing there at the checkout stand having just signed “Gene Payson’s” name to “Albert Clement’s” credit card slip. Dum da DUM dum! Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to come up with your basic “Oh, I must have grabbed my roommate’s card by mistake” type of line. It worked fine.

And that incident leads me to a couple of sub-points we need to get handled: One, try to remember that the salesclerk is probably not smart enough to figure out that you are using a fac-

similized ID. You're not going to get in any trouble because you're not doing anything wrong. You have a perfect right to claim to be anyone you wish (trading on a famous name being excepted). The second sub-point might very well mean the difference between success and some real serious difficulties. Allow me to elaborate by means of the telling of a tale: I have a second cousin who is quite fascinated with sex. Since the time she was 13 or thereabouts, when her little tomboy physique filled out (seemingly in the course of one summer) to what appeared to be the voluptuous, bosomy body of a 22-year-old, she has been out for sex, and it frankly has really been out for her. Some years back, she was visiting our home and one afternoon she indicated that she was going swimming and "just walk around." After she had been gone so long as to create a little worry, she showed up and apologized for being so late. According to her, she had taken time to cross over the fence and pet the neighbor's cows. Across the fence to pet the neighbor's Boy Scout troop is more like it. I knew it; my wife (at that time) didn't. I figured it was none of my business. My wife would have pitched a fit (what else is new?) and no doubt would have alerted the little darling's parents.

Everything would have been done and forgotten, except that the buxom bopper kept bringing up her "adventures" with "the cows" and how she loved petting the cows and how she hoped the grass she gave the cows wouldn't hurt them and how she

wished she could someday milk the cows, and on and on. With every telling of the tale, my former wife became more and more suspicious that cousin Nymphette was in actuality attempting to reinforce a lie and cover some very muddy tracks. She was, and she got nailed for it for *one* and *only* one reason: she didn't let the story lie there. When you are operating under a modified identity, never say too much. As my attorney would say, if there is no question pending, don't say *anything*.

There is a marvelous saying in Spanish that goes, "*En la boca cerrada no entra la mosca*," which is to say, "Into the closed mouth no fly will enter." Very, very good advice.

When I got caught with my guard down and signed the wrong name to that credit card slip, I just matter-of-factly pooh-poohed the whole thing and said, "Here, just lemme pay cash. Sorry about that," and that was *all* I said. Because I let the matter lie there, nothing looked the least bit awry in the eyes of the salesperson. I got out of there.

The most important thing is *having your story squared away*.

Chapter Two:

The Mail Drop

This job requires cunning and resourcefulness, and I have both.

—W.C. Fields

Essential to any serious, long-term modification of your name is a location or address apart from your present one. It was not that many years ago when in order to establish an alternative address you actually had to go there and rent an apartment. Now you can become a resident of a distant land by making a phone call!

Enter the *mail drop*. Actually, “mail drop” is a somewhat pejorative term, leaving one with the impression of some front for unsavory activity. Nothing could be further from the truth. Today’s mail drop is a godsend! Never mind for those of us who wish to be someone else for a while. If for no other reason than their convenience, the mail drop of the late 20th century

is a most valuable service. In many locales the mail-drop serves as a Western Union office, stationer, photocopying center, UPS shipping address, etc. For myself, the latter function has saved the day so many times that words fail me. For years my home was a good twenty minutes freeway drive (hour and twenty during rush hour) from the nearest U.S. post office, not to mention aforesaid office was always crowded—I'm talking around-the-block lines crowded. What a joy to walk a couple of blocks and handle all my shipping needs at a friendly, uncrowded place where they treat me like a valued customer.

In order to locate one of these lifesavers near you, simply look in the Yellow Pages under "mail" or "shipping" and you will no doubt be pleasantly surprised to find a number of listings. I was in an extremely small town in Arizona and noted that it boasted three of them! Be certain you select a drop outside your immediate area. Not so good standing there as Fred Somethingorother when a long-time neighbor walks in and says, "Hi, Tom!" You can see that a scenario like that spells death to any ID modifier.

Once you have found a couple of mail services that look like they fill the bill, *call* them. This is extremely important! You need to be absolutely sure who you're dealing with. For example, if your support documentation (ID) at this juncture is fairly lame (and normally at this early stage of the game it will be) you'll want to avoid at all costs

a mail-drop manager who's a retreaded military man who does everything by the book. Rather, shop around for a friendly sounding soul. Get their name. Set it up. Be especially sensitive to their attitude toward the post office. The best mail-drop operators are the ones who freely concede that any paper work you fill out to comply with the Postal Service's pain-in-the-neck Form 1548 will sit and rot in some long forgotten bureaucrat's filing cabinet. Tell your sympathetic mail-drop person you're from out of town. Whatever your squared away story is, give it to them briefly over the phone. If they sound sympathetic, go! By the way, and once again you are learning this from the voice of experience, when you get there, ask for them by name. Sometimes you can end up in a place run by a real nice woman and real SOB of a man or vice versa. Ask for the party you spoke with on the phone. You'll be happy to wait.

Opening your mail drop (do not use this term in their presence, by the way!) is relatively simple. You present your squared-away story and support documentation, which at this point will be a baptismal record, birth certificate, and a fake back-up ID. More on preparing this preliminary ID and on the only fake ID that works later.

Remember, part of your squared away story (*if* they ask! They might not. If not, *shut up!*) concerns itself with the reason you don't have a driver's license or credit cards. Well, why don't you? Come on now, what are you a crook or something? "Are

you tryin' to con me into giving you a cover address for some shady deals?"

Naturally, since you have read and reread this chapter very carefully, you are already abundantly aware that being from midtown Manhattan you don't have a license. (Were you careful enough to park down the block?) It is not feasible to drive in New York City. Even if you could get into town, where would you park? But then, there is an even chance that you are not from New York, but instead were the victim of a collision when you were a kid. Conceivably, it could have killed one or both of your folks. It is obvious from the nasty scar on your face that you have been in some kind of accident. (See Chapter Twelve.) From that time on you have been terrified of driving. Maybe you lost all your credit cards in a divorce. Or was it they got packed away and shipped and consequently lost in transit?

I am certain, though, that none of these apply to you. No, you are the one who had his wallet/her purse stolen the other day. You drive without a license? Under the circumstances you had no choice. That's why you're here: you can't get a license without an address, and you don't have a permanent place to stay yet. Etcetera . . .

In all likelihood none of this will come up anyway. If it doesn't, keep your trap shut! But, if it does, your story is—what? Right! *Squared away*, so let 'em ask away! You have a veritable arsenal of explanations, each one completely plausible and

carefully rehearsed.

Just as it would be impossible for me to give you a haircut over the phone, it would be likewise impossible for me to describe to you the surge you're going to feel as you scam the mail-drop operator knowing full well that whatever question comes up you are prepared. You're not going to be nervous or unsure of yourself. In fact, when you get back to your car you're probably going to sit there for a minute saying, "*I did it!*" You didn't die; you didn't tip over. You did just fine.

The forms you'll have to fill out are quite basic. The manager or someone will assist you. When you come to the part where it says previous address, just fill in the mail drop's address. If you are required to come up with a former address, have one handy. How about 1313 Blueview Terrace. That's where Chester Riley lived. I'm kind of partial to 328 Chauncy Street, Brooklyn. That was Ralph and Alice Kramden's address. They won't mind.

Now, the forms are filled out, you've paid your fee (six months, at least, please, if at all feasible) in cash, get your key, and scoot! Don't hang around. The people there are busy, and besides, the more you say, the more you're likely to say something that contradicts something you've already said.

If you're going to do something really daring like present yourself as a New Yorker complete with accent while all the time you've never been

east of Baker, California, make sure you are doubly squared away. I was confiding in a life-long trusted friend that one of my alternate IDs was a man from New York. I then proceeded to tell him all about New York. Oh, yes, Brooklyn is down there. At the very bottom is Coney Island. And over there's Manhattan Island. New York City, or midtown, is down there, Harlem is in the middle, and the Bronx is up there on top. Before I went much further, my amigo started laughing loud and hard: "Holy moly, you really got that story knocked down eight ways from Sunday, don't you!?"

It's simple to get background information on the place you are supposedly from. Just visit the public library. And while you're there, get a library card in your new name.

There is an additional step I should mention here, one you must not overlook. Remember the old *Dragnet* TV show? The crooks were so dumb as to defy all description; they always made such obvious mistakes. Well, don't *you* make the obvious mistake of opening a mail drop and then not receive any mail there. Very, very suspicious looking. Everyone generates mail. You're bound to receive bills, magazines, personal letters, whatever, not to mention an item or two forwarded from wherever "you" are from. The latter may be an acceptable exception if you have covered yourself with the old "I don't want my ex-wife to find me" line. Everyone gets mail. Why don't you?

You say you're a mechanic; well, why aren't you getting *Popular Mechanics*? You say you're from Illinois; why aren't you getting mail from Illinois? A mail-drop address that sits there unused can look extremely suspicious. About the easiest and cheapest way to generate a lot of mail in the direction of your new mailing address is to answer every one of those idiotic 800-number type ads you can find. They most often inhabit the TV screen in the wee hours of the morning. You don't even need to buy anything. Most of all, you need not fear some follow-up by annoying salespersons.

There are 800-ads for weight control, technical schools, cataract removal, lawyers, doctors, magazines, free trial this and that, and so on. Call them *all*. Ask for whatever they want to send you for free. In about a week or so, you'll begin receiving mail from all over the country, all at no cost to you the box renter. Oh, and if you see something you would like to buy, go for it. Most magazines will bill you. Country music and vegetable slicers are somewhat trickier. You have to have a credit card for those.

Relax, you will!

Note: Always make your new address a *street* address. Using a mail drop as a post office box is useless. Many mail services will offer you the choice of street or post office address. Always opt for the former. Without a street address, for example, you can't get a driver's license. If you're so in love with P.O. boxes, go get one from the

U.S. Postal Service at about one tenth the price of a mail drop.

As to mail being forwarded from your alleged prior place of residence, just write some public service organizations there and get on their mailing list (Chamber of Commerce, Red Cross, Knights of Columbus, etc). For mail with a more personal touch, drop several letters to yourself into a manila envelope and mail the whole thing off to the postmaster of any town you like. No need to explain. This is old stuff to these postal folk, especially if one of the pieces appears to be a birthday card or somesuch. More often are the anniversary cards mailed with the postmark of the place where a honeymoon was spent.

I didn't think this up, but just for the record, please be certain that if you are a big wrestling fan, the last thing you have sent to your new address is *Pro Wrestling Illustrated*. Or, if you are a gourmet, avoid anything from any outfit that caters to the culinary arts. The new "you" has to have his or her story totally separate and squared away, right down to personal interests. Professional snoops know how to check magazine subscriptions to find you. Be warned!

When I opened my first alternative address (a term much to be preferred over "mail drop") I made certain I subscribed to every paper and magazine I could get my hands on that I hated. Please believe me this is in no way meant to cast aspersions in your direction if you are, for exam-

ple, a sports fan. I am not. I dislike sports. You don't have enough money to get me to sit through a tennis match, or, for that matter, a football game. (I am not a communist.) So, what did I do? Of course! I subscribed to *Sports Illustrated*, *Ring Magazine* and whichever other sports rag I could get my hands on. What else puts me right to sleep? Oh, yes, business. My interest in business makes my interest in sports seem inordinate. What a bore business is. Again, forgive me if business is your all-consuming passion. By now you know full well that I subscribed to *Business Week*, *Forbes*, *The Wall Street Journal*, and every other publication devised by man catering to big business.

The overall effect, then, is that what we have here is a person who is exactly who he claims to be, and who does for a living what he says he does, not because we are taking someone's word for it, but because the coordinate testimony of his mail box paints such a clear portrait.

Armed with your alternate street address, you are now prepared to move up to the next rung in the ladder of freedom.

Sit Right Down and Write Yourself a Letter

In the previous chapter we considered the necessity of generating mail. Again, nothing looks more suspicious than someone opening a box that gets no mail. As a postscript to that chapter, I'd like to mention several locations in these Great United States that are probably the mail-forwarding capitals of the world.

Darling, Pennsylvania, for example. Romantic types use this postmaster to forward love letters and Valentines so the "Darling" postmark will appear on the envelope. The postmaster at Darling is so accustomed to all that mush that no explanation or cover story of any kind is required to get the job done. Other favorite *locales d'amour* include: Eros, Louisiana 71238; Romance, Arkansas 72136; Kissimmee, Florida 32741; or, if you're gay, how about Middlesex, England?!

The Untraceable Signature

Dear me, what's the matter with your hand? Have you injured it?

—Pulcheria Alexandrovna in Fëdor
Mikhailovich Dostoevski's
Crime and Punishment

One more bit of preliminary business, and then we get down and dirty! After spending most of my spare time over the past couple of weeks creating yet another alternate ID, I am certain I have run out of variations on my handwriting.

Because I want to be a conscientious ID modifier and not just another chocolate mess, I need to come up with a way to have a variety of signatures, all of them untraceable, on my mail-forwarding request, contract with the moving company, or whatever. One sure-fire method involves (what else?!) having your story squared away, and an investment of about three or four bucks.

Stop by any pharmacy and pick up an Ace Bandage, some cotton and some bandaging tape. Whatever document you wish the untraceable signature to appear on will have to be typed out beforehand, unsigned.

You are now prepared to strike. Bandage up your writing hand (and arm if you like), giving the impression of a recent debilitating injury. Wait at the post office for some kindly looking soul and go into your “Blast this stupid thing anyway—oh, could you please help me? I can type, but I still can’t use my hand to write. Would you sign my name to this, please? I promise I won’t turn you in for forgery. . .” Kid with them a little. Win their sympathy. The thorough student will have had the prescience to prepare some sort of work-photo ID bearing the appropriate name and photo. This badge will be highly visible on the collar or pocket so the Good Samaritan can easily see you are really “you.”

I hope your arm feels better.

Plan #1:

The Quick Vanish

Chapter Five:

Key #1 to Your New ID

For many years the so-called Paper Trip has been the premier method of obtaining a new ID. It still is. (If you don't know about the Paper Trip method, two books of the same name, *Paper Trip I* and *Paper Trip II*, are available from Paladin Press.) Simply stated, the Paper Trip involves securing a birth certificate of someone who died in infancy, but who would have, had he or she lived, been about your present age today. Under certain pressing circumstances the Paper Trip has a few limitations: First, you can't be just anybody. You have to make do with whatever identity you can come up with on an old birth certificate. Second, this infant-identity method takes time. Maybe you don't have time! Maybe you've got to bail out as soon as you finish this book!

The Quick Vanish I am about to outline here is perfect for pulling an instant disappearance and is most suited for short-term use; just to put out

the fire, so to speak. And you can pull any name out of the hat you need. Any age, too! You're a lot more employable if you're younger, you know! All this excitement begins with your baptismal certificate.

First you'll need some blank certificates. The most accessible of these according to my experience are at Catholic gift shops. The shops are everywhere, and you don't need permission to buy the certificate blanks. Having your story squared away, you go in and indicate that a friend's child is about to be baptized, and you wish to prepare a decoupage copy of the baptismal certificate. (Or, if possible say nothing!) Anyway, buy a stack of them, at least half-a-dozen. If some nosy clerk has to know why so many, cover yourself with something like "my calligrapher needs the extra copies in case she makes a mistake." Your investment here will be two or three dollars. If you are or wish to "become" Jewish, it will cost you more. The blank certificates for circumcision and bar mitzvah run about \$1.25 each. Sources are a bit more scarce, but check with any local synagogue where English is spoken and you'll be fine.

It occurs to me here that one of the most undetectable modifications in ID would involve change in religious affiliation. Catholics who become Mormons or Baptists who become Jews are pretty tricky to trace!

Now, with a little imagination and some

materials you find around the house, you are going to turn that bright, shiny new certificate into a relic that will convince anyone. (Before you commence, check to make sure there is no “©1979”-type dead giveaway on the document. If there is, it is probably very near the bottom. Just trim it off and proceed.)

Using the finest possible steel wool or potscrubber, gently begin going over the blank document with even strokes. Apply more pressure as needed. What you are doing here is sanding off “years” of wear and tear, or so all will suppose. Keep foremost in your mind how old the finished product should appear: a 25-year-old baptismal certificate is not going to look nearly as shot as a 40-year-old one. The colors, letters, etc., on your document would normally age at a different rate. Some will fade badly, and others will seem pretty much unchanged by the “ravages of time.” Soon you should have a finished version of your document.

Fill it in. If at all possible, buy or borrow an old typewriter, an “eggbeater” of bygone, non-electric days. Nobody had electronic typewriters in 1940. If you can’t come up with one of the oldie-but-goodies, fill it in longhand yourself.

Note: If you are trying to give the appearance that you were born prior to 1950, don’t use a ball point pen. They didn’t exist commercially then. If you’re one of those sensitive souls who cannot

negotiate a fountain pen (welcome to the club!) there is good news tonight: Pentel makes a pen that perfectly simulates a fountain pen, except that it doesn't explode all over your white shirt. Also be careful you don't use modern state abbreviations on your certificate. CA, GA, AK, TX, etc., did not exist until a few years ago. Watch it! (Neither did ZIP codes.)

When you get to the bottom where the signatures are required, do them yourself. It will be worth your while to select a document that only requires a couple of names, i.e., the preacher and a witness. Some I have seen require many. Don't have a friend do the signing. The most successful ID is the one nobody knows about. I am of the opinion that if even one friend knows, your new ID is worthless. Definitely rehearse your various signatures on a separate sheet of paper before you make the final take. Save your trash! Don't believe me? Have you seen *Death Wish II*?

You may wish to get really creative and use a different color ink for one of the signatures. If you don't feel so imaginative, get some old letters from friends and copy their writing as best you can. Be sure and give the minister a minister sounding name. "Father O'Rourke" has a nice ring to it.

When the certificate is filled in, allow the ink to dry thoroughly, at least an hour if you can. Once this is accomplished, go over the thing again with the steel wool, gently. Keep in mind the effect you're after: antiquity. Once the document looks

relatively legitimate and some of the letters are almost memories, it will be time to prepare the aging treatment. We'll consider two methods, both of which are easy, and one of which is preferable. The least preferable is the old "soak it in coffee" routine. Unless you're in a hurry. This, then would be for you.

Prepare an eight- by fourteen-inch baking dish by filling it one third full of cold (not hot or warm!) water and instant coffee. The best "bath" for your document is about the color brown that brown-eyed persons' eyes would be.

Next take the baptismal certificate and dunk it in top first. Push it through very quickly until the top emerges from the other side. Take the top and pull it the rest of the way through. All of this should take only seconds so the ink won't run. The end product should come out about half as brown as a shopping bag. What you have done in other words is to give your document a little tan. Hang it out to dry for about fifteen minutes. Better still, give it a good blast with a hair dryer on high setting. That will knock many minutes off your time. Before it is completely dry would be a good time to run your thumbnail down each side. The document will be weakened enough that some of the paper will come off under your nail, so as to give the certificate a slightly ragged edge. Do this carefully and sparingly. Wrinkle a couple of corners while you're at it.

Note: Many a good ID modifier has gone

down because of lack of attention to the following: A serious mistake many make when thus aging a document is they fail to account for the pungent coffee odor left behind. Why would a real certificate smell as though it had been soaked in coffee? In order to elude detection you will need to give your document a couple of extra treatments. First, you will need to invest in a cigar. Cigarettes will work, I guess, but are you a heavyweight or are you just regular army? Second, you will need an atomizer of some “granny” perfume. A thrift store might be the place to look for this. Light the cigar. If you are a delicate soul, fear not. You won’t have to smoke the foul thing, just get it going. Now hold your baptismal certificate over it for a minute or so until the coffee odor has been killed off. If you do it just right, you’ll be left with a document that doesn’t smell like coffee or tobacco. It will just smell! Then, for a finishing touch, spray a shot of the rotten perfume in the air and fan your document through the mist *once*, and that right quick! Let the certificate dry for a few minutes, in direct sun if possible. What you will end up with, all other things being equal, is a very authentic looking and authentic smelling old baptismal certificate, capable of convincing anyone at the Driver’s License Bureau that you deserve one of their licenses under “your” name!

My favorite method, except for the fact that it is considerably more tedious and time consuming, is baking the document. Any prestidigitator or

showoff worth his salt knows what baking paper does. Indeed, this is how a small person can amaze one and all by tearing a phone book in half. This feat is accomplished by baking an old phone book for six to eight hours at about 300 degrees. The book comes out looking unscathed, but is in fact a flimsy shadow of its former self. The baking process has turned it into tissue. Baking your document at 300 degrees for a considerably shorter time, say 20 minutes, will brown it, and will break down its fiber so that it will take on an amazing appearance of age. This process requires keeping an eye on the certificate during the entire process. On the plus side, the problem of odor is obviated by baking.

One final stroke that separates the artists from the amateurs that will render your creation absolutely undetectable is the document embosser. They don't come cheap: around forty-five dollars per is average. They are available at most printers, instant printers in particular. "Why do you want a corporate seal embosser for a church?" comes the question. Well? Don't you have a brother who is a priest? Aren't you from out of town and you're buying this thing as a gift for your priest? Aren't you on the church board and they need a new corporate seal? Aren't you someone who has a squared-away story handy? You are now!

A baptismal certificate properly treated and officially sealed (see Chapter Eleven) is as good as gold in getting "hard" ID.

What about Social Security? Admittedly, this method is not without its problems when it comes to long-term ID modification, and nowhere is it less advantageous than dealing with the Social Security Administration. I would encourage you, if you indeed are going so far as to get a Social Security card, to read this entire book before you make your move, in particular, pay special attention to Plan Number Two: The Permanent Vanish.

The Social Security Administration, for the record, accepts baptismal/circumcision records in lieu of birth certificates. It has to. Many folk are without sufficient information to find their birth certificate. There are adoptions, abandonments, itinerant parents, divorces, you name it. A million reasons why people have no idea what city they were born in. The baptismal/circumcision record must be from before your fifth birthday. This clearly discriminates against Mormons and Baptists. Oh, well.

Now, as to why you are nearly forty years of age and have no SS card: Perhaps you have been a member of a religious order or non-profit organization that until lately was not required to belong to the system. The longer you wait, obviously, the less plausible this yarn will be. I got an SS card by impersonating a simple man who had until lately just learned to read. It took only moments. Maybe you've been disabled. Legally blind. Lame. You never needed government assistance, of course, because your father left you

a very substantial inheritance. The bank handles all the taxes, etc., under a taxpayer ID number on the estate.

Have I left anyone out?

You must have been a beautiful baby.

Support Documentation

If it looks like a cow and goes moo like a cow and gives milk like a cow: you got a cow!

—Dan Rather

Did you by any chance see the movie *All The President's Men*? It was the story of how two reporters (the good guys) helped bring down the corrupt Nixon administration (the bad guys). In their zeal for realism (which is not the same as truth, by the way) the producers, so the story goes, actually went to the trouble of creating realistic trash for the waste paper baskets in the “office” of the *Washington Post*. And there were *Washington Post* pencils, memos, phone pads, and you-name-it strewn all over the place. It was rightly supposed that with that kind of attention to detail, the actors would have so much the less trouble imagining themselves being in the offices of the

Washington Post. Theatre of the mind, so to speak. Believe me it works. A careful student of *Vanish: Disappearance Through ID Acquisition* would say that they had their story squared away.

Is yours?

When we consider support documentation, we're not really talking about "hard" or primary ID, i.e., genuine driver's license, real non-stolen credit cards, etc. Rather we are looking at diplomas, award certificates, badges, business cards, letters from organizations someone in "your" line would quite naturally have in his or her possession.

For example, you drop by the Driver's License Bureau to get your honest-to-goodness driver's license under your new *nom de voyage*, and when you step up to the window and begin to produce your baptismal record the clerk will no doubt notice that you are withdrawing same from a well-worn attaché case which bears "your" name stamped in gold across the front. This, may I add editorially, is a real favorite of mine for sentimental reasons: the very first ID I adopted was an absolute breeze if for no other reason than all my "documents" were in a leather binder imprinted in aforesaid fashion. Before I could even get my papers out the woman at the desk was typing my name on the temporary license. She was taking it from the cover of my leather binder! My total investment in dollars was around twenty-five, including the name imprint. Dough well spent! My investment in time was not much more than an

hour bringing the binder up to “code,” so to speak. I threw it around the garage; I jumped on it; I beat it against my desk; I wrenched the back of the thing until it broke; in other words, I tattered and dirtied that binder up until it looked like I had had it for years.

Note: Keep in mind that when dealing with the driver’s license folk, you have only one basic hurdle. Pass that, and you are home free! When you walk in the place, you are who you say you are because you say you are, or, rather, because your documentation says so. After you get past the first desk, you are who you are because *they* say you are. If that whole concept doesn’t thrill you, what will?

In all my various visits to the Department of Motor Vehicles, only one time have I ever run into what I would call the equivalent of a “closer.” I am suspicious that it had something to do with the gal at desk #1 being a trainee. When I got to the very last desk, after I had passed all the exams and filled out the paperwork, the old prune wanted to ask me a few more questions, among them, what I used to prove who I was. She looked down the page and said, “Oh, a baptismal record. May I see it?”

None of you is such a tough guy that you wouldn’t begin to catastrophize at that very moment. At once in my mind’s eye I began to envision this old bag holding my document up to the light and saying, “Aha! A fake! You soaked this

in coffee! Guards. Seize him!” However, despite my momentary fears, and at the risk of being overly boastful, let me say without fear of intelligent contradiction that they could have brought in everyone short of an expert on forged documents and would never have found one clue that the baptismal certificate I presented was a facsimile.

My story was squared away; my paperwork was in order. I just as casually as could be reached into my leather binder embossed with my name on the front and pulled out that certificate, and at once the woman could discern its genuineness, and she handed it back to me not more than a second later and said, “OK.” That is the only time I have ever encountered anything that appeared to be any kind of security. And, again, I am certain it had only to do with the young lady at the first desk being new on the job.

Seeing that “you” are a nurse, for example, it is a foregone conclusion that you will have an ID badge that says you are (see Chapter Thirteen). Your purse or briefcase or whatever your bag is (forgive me) will no doubt have some medical looking letters or somesuch poking their telltale noses out. Whoever or whatever you claim to be, for goodness sake look like it!

At the very serious risk of tempting you to jump the gun and get ahead of yourself, let me say that there will come a day when you won’t need any of this! Some of you old timers may remember

wrestling champion Buddy Rogers. (I know I said I don't like sports. Never mind.) He used to enter the ring with much hooplah, and in particular, with lots of expensive jackets. They were colorful, covered with jewels and baubles, and quite flamboyant. One day the champ woke up and decided it was all pointless and got rid of every one of those outrageously expensive garments. From that day to the day he retired he entered the ring wearing tights and a towel.

He got to the point where he didn't need to prove anything. He was already the best. He could just walk into the room and people knew he was somebody.

In your career as an ID modifier, you will reach that glorious point where you realize you don't need to wear a uniform or carry anything in the way of support documentation to get whatever ID you need.

Again, don't get ahead of yourself. A good rule of thumb is, if you have to ask if you're ready, you're not. Another effective kind of support documentation is the diploma. All the diplomas available from the *National Enquirer* are unacceptable. Who in the world is so stupid as to believe you went to "Anytown High School?" The only acceptable way to come up with a high school diploma with "your" name on it is to manufacture one from your real high school diploma. Or, if you never earned one, or if you've lost it, from someone else's diploma. They're easy to produce

and if you do it carefully you won't even scratch your precious original.

First, invest in a few sheets of photo or typesetting ceramic paper. Nothing else will do for first class work. You'll also need some "press-apply" letters that match the lettering on your diploma. These will almost always be formal or Old English Style. Just press-apply your new name on the ceramic paper, cut it out, and apply it over the name on your genuine diploma using white-out tape (also at your stationer or printers). The white-out tape will also be useful for blotting out any information on the document that doesn't square away with your story. Be especially aware of dates. If "you" graduated in 1970 it would make things so much easier on you if the diploma did not say you graduated in 1934! Find a fast printer who can handle the heaviest paper (sixty-seven pound linen) and have them run off several copies for you. You may need to come up with a cover story about how you are doing decoupage or whatever; you may not. If they don't ask, don't say *anything*. Take the copy, cut it to size, bake it or treat it with coffee and smoke if you want to age it (and it should show some signs of wear and tear), and there you are: five minutes ago you couldn't even spell high school graduate; now you are one!

Very nice-looking college diplomas can be purchased from a variety of "publishers" or "printers." Don't get involved with some place that

wants you to write a thesis or whatever. Their degree is just as worthless as one you purchase outright. Unlike for-sale high school diplomas, the college diplomas look pretty good. Some look too good. One of the besetting problems of acquiring one of these “ringers” is that the U.S. Postal Service is always shutting their manufacturers down.

Never spend more than one hundred dollars for one of these rascals, and *never* use it for anything but support documentation. The risks so far override the benefits that only a fool would actually include one of these horseradish degrees on his or her résumé. Another reason why I can recommend these college diplomas is that, for the most part, the companies producing them have not acquiesced to bureaucratic demands that NOT A GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT be stamped in huge letters across the front and back of the diploma. If you can come up with a good story as to why NOT A GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT is emblazoned across the front and back of your diploma, you are already better at this than I ever will be!

“Excuse me, Mr. Huffnagle, but why does your diploma say ‘NOT A GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT’ on it? It’s not a fake, is it?”

“Oh, certainly not, Ms. Clone. You see, it’s a funny story how that came to be there on my genuine diploma, heh heh heh...”

Good luck! You might try calling the pur-

chaser at the school board and find out where they get those attractive leatherette covers for their diplomas. You lost yours. . .

Support Documentation II

Barstow, California, is one of those small towns in which everyone there has lived in for thirty years and you can't figure out why. Well, one thing Barstow has that the conscientious ID modifier is going to find most helpful is the Anykind Check Cashing Center at 915 E. Main Street, just off the E. Main St. exit off I-15.

Anykind offers a dandy little check cashing ID card for the nominal sum of ten bucks, free if you're a regular customer. Immediately one can see the value of such a card when, for example, a checking account is being opened and the old prune behind the desk wants to see two pieces of ID. Many banks insist that both forms of ID include your photo.

No doubt other check-cashing centers offer similar cards. The Anykinds are all over the place, and, frankly, I really like the looks of their card. It's a real nice production. Check your directory,

or write Anykind Check Cashing Centers, P.O. Box 300, Running Springs, CA 92382.

While I have you here, although it's not a photo-ID card, the Automobile Club has a snazzy-looking membership card with raised gold letters, and all you need to do to obtain one is write or stop by and ask for one. No questions asked, no ID required.

The Permanent Vanish

Chapter Eight:

Down the Mormon Trail

I don't need bodyguards.

—Jimmy Hoffa

You are now ready to vanish from the face of the earth forever. Any private investigator who is willing to eat a little pride and be truthful will be compelled to admit that, armed with this method of ID modification, assuming you keep your nose clean, there is *no* way to find you. Period.

As you are no doubt pursuing your new ID religiously, it is certainly appropriate at this point to mention one of the most thoughtful innovations the Mormon religion has brought to us: The I.G.I. What if I told you that there is a place not far from you that has a listing of millions of human beings, now deceased, from every country in the free world? What if, additionally, I told you that included in the list is a complete reference to the

names, parent's names, parent's place of birth, etc., of tens of thousands of children who died before their eighth birthday?!

Happily, there is such a place, and it is indeed the I.G.I., the International Genealogical Index, and there is in all probability one of these files on microfiche in any large Mormon church in your area. No longer will you have to trouble yourself creeping around graveyards after dark to (if you're lucky) find suitable names to "adopt." No longer will you have to do without overseas ID because you can't get to far-away countries to visit their graveyards or newspaper files. No, dear friend, everything you need is right there in the I.G.I.

To find a Mormon church with an I.G.I., just look up "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" (that's the Mormon church, by the way) in the Yellow Pages, and check under the heading "Genealogical Library." Simply show up looking as conservative as possible, and explain to the librarian that you're just getting started on your genealogy and you need all the help you can get. You know enough to understand that, according to a friend, you need to begin with the I.G.I. The librarian, who in all probability will be a sweet little old lady you could just hug, will ask you what part of the world you're interested in. The western United States is a good place to start. You'll be escorted to the master microfiche file, handed a fiche, and then be directed to a microfiche reading machine.

You do not need to be a Mormon, by the way, to make use of this thoughtful facility.

The column you will want to pay special attention to is near the far right-hand side. When you run into the word "infant," stop! Then check the dates directly across the screen on the left-hand side of the page. When you get one that is within your target age, note it, and move on. Once you get the hang of the I.G.I. you will quite literally be able to pull out several workable names within a few minutes. The entries for the U.S. are especially complete. You will need no further research to walk out of the place with all the information you'll need to secure a birth certificate. European entries are not so complete.

Among the many benefits of the I.G.I. method, aside from the tens of thousands of names available at the press of a button, is that all names on the I.G.I. are very dead. All of them will be very white, too. (Mormonism had no interest in bringing its religion to minorities, prior to 1978. If you are a minority your choices are limited.)

The I.G.I. will not be available on Sunday or Monday. Your best bet is to research during the midday. Evenings are extremely busy.

This one bit of information is well worth the price of this book.

Chapter Nine:

Letter of Request

If you can't write a business letter, you're sunk!

—Adeline L. Kruse

American Educator

By using the infant-identity method you have now secured your new name. Now what? First, when requesting a certified (always request a certified!) copy of your birth certificate, remember that you are writing to some bureaucrat who is probably extremely busy. Be brief!

Before you write, take time to call ahead and find out precisely what information is required, and how much the procurement of the document will cost you. Many states are so busy that they have opted for a pre-recorded message explaining the procedure. In writing, say with as few words as possible why you are writing. Then give your particulars. Then thank them.

EXAMPLE

Department of Vital Statistics
123 Hoozit Street
Nowheresville, UT 84110

Dear Sir or Madam:

Enclosed is money order in the amount of \$ _____ for a certified copy of my birth certificate, which I need to get a passport.

Name: Bubba Richard Shunda
Date of birth: April 14, 1955
Place of birth: Provo, Utah/Utah County
Father's name: Brigham Bingham
Mother's maiden name: Nancy Gates
Young Bingham

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Bubba R. Shunda
1441 Temple Street
Los Angeles, CA 90034

Notice that I have given "my" full name (not just initials), date of birth, father's name, mother's maiden name, place of birth, and the reason I want the thing. Generally some all-purpose statement like "need a passport," or "going back to school," or whatever, will suffice.

Note: in Canada, the *only* way you may apply for a certified copy (or any kind of copy for that matter) of a birth certificate is on their official

form. *There is no other way!* You will save yourself as much as a month in time and many dollars in postage if you'll keep this in mind. Call ahead to the province you're going to hit, and request a form. Canada will not do business apart from that form!

The Curse of Cross-referencing

The bigger they come, the harder they fall.

—Robert (Bob) Fitzsimmons

The encouraging words above have been used for many years to bolster the morale of many a man in battle. At the risk of playing the iconoclast, I hasten to point out these oft-quoted words were uttered by Bob Fitzsimmons, the boxer, in 1902, just moments before he received the trouncing of his life at the hands of Jim Jeffries.

There is a tendency in any endeavor to get cocky, to think we have it all figured out. I have invested considerable time in reading everything I could get my hands on that concerns itself with ID modification. Many writers are unanimous concerning the cross-referencing of birth-death records as a means to preclude the so-called Paper-Trip method. They all agree that no such thing ex-

ists, and that it probably won't for a long time.

For quite a few reasons I prefer a more cautious approach: I took the time to contact the head gonsel at the Los Angeles department of vital statistics, and he assured me that all birth and death records were cross-referenced in California. Naturally, as he was a bureaucrat, I did not believe him, and therefore set out to test his lofty claims.

I prepared a letter of request to a fairly large city in California, including, of course, "my" name, date of birth, place of birth, father's name, mother's maiden name. I also wisely included my reason for wanting the certificate. (I am getting a passport.) Two weeks later I received a certified copy of "my" birth certificate. May I add parenthetically that most states I have dealt with are not so quick. Some, come to think of it, I never did hear back from...! Oh, well...

Since 1978 in California, for example, it has been law that all birth and death records must be cross-referenced. I assume this must refer to all those who died after passing of that "law," as it would be (with present technology) impossible to go back and do it for the past 100 years-worth of records. Consider also the many souls who were born in California but who winged their way to Heaven in some other state or country. There would be no record of their demise.

Japan utilizes a social registry system that for all intents and purposes renders the infant identity method unworkable. Bear in mind, however,

that the Japanese system is no innovation, having been around for millenia.

I believe cross-referencing is on its way. It will take a long time. With computer technology advancing quite literally every hour, the process may one day be complete. Again, I hasten to point out (modestly) that part of the procedures outlined in this book do not depend on the infant identity method anyway.

This brings us to Canada. I am gravely suspicious that Canada may have achieved, at least to some extent, a workable cross-referencing system. I can't imagine in a million years how. The last bit of "bait" I put out to our neighbors to the north resulted in my receiving the most beautiful birth certificate I have ever seen. Its eye appeal was considerably diminished by the pesky word "DECEASED" insinuated upon it in red letters an inch high! It took me months to get the thing, and involved a capital outlay (priority postage, etc.) of nearly \$50. Something inside of me would not let them get away with this injustice.

After about an hour of careful examination, I became convinced that the Canadian government had outsmarted itself: In an effort to preclude counterfeiting, the certificate was copied on very elaborate bank-note paper, much like the stuff currency is printed on. However, because of the very nature of the elaborate printing process involved in producing bank-note paper, the ink thereon cannot be smeared or obliterated. Not so with the ink

from the offending rubberstamp that emasculated my birth certificate. I was convinced that I could remove the “DECEASED” from that certificate and rise again, as the legendary Phoenix, to my previous viable condition. I was right!

I carefully applied laundry bleach full strength to the annoying red ink using a cotton swab. Moments later, the ink was gone. The underlying intricate design remained intact. The paper, however, had taken on an off-brown color. No problem—I treated the entire document to a bath. It ended up looking as though it was kind of old, or as though it had been through the wash. If anyone had asked, I am sure that would have been my squared away story. Just to double check my work, I got a California Driver’s license using the formerly unacceptable birth certificate, and proved beyond a doubt that any ID modifier worth his salt is smarter than some dipstick bureaucrat’s red rubber stamp!

The Driver’s License folk in Canada (where I am now a resident of record) were understandably impressed by my not only having a birth certificate, but also by my having a California driver’s license and other “hard” ID.

Stamps and Corporate Seals

You have as many aliases as Robin of Bagshot.

—The Beggar's Opera by
J.C. Pepusch and John Gay

There are a number of ways of fudging a “corporate” seal. You’re better off with the real thing, but in case you don’t have the time or resources to come up with one (average cost of a seal embosser being nearly fifty bucks) here are some methods of “ad-libbing” one.

The best thing short of custom ordering your own is to locate, through whatever means, an old corporate seal that is unrelated to your present need except that it indeed is a corporate seal embosser. Simply make a weak impression with it and flatten most or all of the letters with your thumbnail. Barring close examination, this looks pretty respectable at the bottom of a baptismal certificate

or whatever.

If you're using gold seals, be sure to "knock down" the shiny new surface before you emboss them. Steel wool or whatever works just fine. A coin impressed into one of these gold stickers makes a passable seal. If you're near a coin shop you might try investing in a foreign coin, one that is preferably about the size of a half-dollar. Such a coin will rarely cost more than a buck. My own attempts with the back side of a Mexican 20 centavo piece have not been without some success. Some good surfaces to use to impress your makeshift seal onto the gold blank would be: typewriter pad; a padded Bible cover; a bed. Aside from that, you're on your own.

For purposes of creating some tolerable looking certificates or diplomas to hang up in your apartment, any of these end-run techniques will do. For purposes of acquiring a driver's license, etc., I can only in good conscience recommend your investing in a real seal. A properly "aged" document embossed with a genuine seal is virtually undetectable.

The Only Makeup that Works

Go put this dress on and pretend you're the maid!
—Mr. Hardy to Mr. Laurel in *Another Fine Mess*

Some of the more daring and ingenious among us may wish to adopt a disguise. A couple of points are in order. First, it is far more important who “you” are on paper. The bureaucrat is extremely “paper” conscious. Whatever your paperwork says or seems to say is what counts. Second, it is important to remain easily duplicatable. A disguise that is extremely complex should only be attempted by an expert, and at that an expert who can slip into that disguise at a moment’s notice. You would be in some deep manure if you were pulled over on some mickey mouse traffic violation and your driver’s license photo looked nothing like you. “Well, ya see, Officer, I recently lost 400 pounds and I had a nose job last

night and I used to be black, heh heh heh . . .”

There is an old story about the silent screen star Lon Chaney. “The Man of A Thousand Faces” as he was known, was up against what he believed was the trickiest challenge of his career: he had to become an Oriental. Chaney, ever the perfectionist, would not be satisfied with anything less than a flawless disguise. So, when he felt he had perfected makeup for the character (“Mr. Wu” if memory serves) he took it to the streets! He rode public buses, milled around public places, and generally exposed his character to close scrutiny by a variety of citizens. By late afternoon he was confident he had a winner on his hands: nobody thought he was anything but what he appeared to be, to wit, a little, stooped over Chinese gentleman. There is no chance on earth you could duplicate Chaney’s feat; don’t try. Aside from a *good* wig or adding or taking away facial hair, there is nothing a beginner can do to alter his or her appearance that won’t look plenty phony.

There is an exception to the above rule. There is one makeup that any fool can use in broad daylight that is absolutely undetectable. A physician at close range would be unaware that your appearance was enhanced by a makeup technique. I tried to find some of the magic potion a couple of months ago and was dismayed to find that it was no longer on the market, at least not under the trade name I remember it by. After some searching, I was fortunate enough to run into a makeup artist who sells the stuff in his store. It

is now marketed as Rigid Collodion by Mehron, Inc., of Valley Cottage, NY. For those of you who can't wait one more second to find out what this brew does, quite simply it creates absolutely life-like (death-like?) scars! All you do is paint some of it on and wait for it to dry. When it does dry, it leaves what for all the world seems to be a gnarly scar. It is most effective down the cheek or across the forehead.

For example, a friend of mine was interested in knocking a few years off his age, but he didn't feel comfortable with any of the standard tales as to why at his advanced age he did not have a driver's license. With the use of Rigid Collodion, he came up with a scenario of a young man who was seriously injured in an auto accident in his youth and, until recent therapy, had been terrified of driving. Having completed treatment, of course, he is now ready to burn rubber with the rest of us. His story was nicely rounded out by his shocking personal appearance, for, as mute witness to his yarn, he sported several long scars down his face and under his eyes.

I will personally buy you lunch if you use Rigid Collodion in this fashion and the Department of Motor Vehicles clerk says "Are those scars fake?" No, as a matter of fact, the reaction to my friend's plight was one of sympathy and compassion. A bottle of Rigid Collodion sells for about \$3, and will be more than you can use in a year.

Note: Remember that it is best to use such ornamentation very sparingly.

Chapter Thirteen:

The Only Fake ID that Works

Fake ID cards might serve various amateur activities, but they will never get you by a traffic cop.

—*The Paper Trip I*

Nothing ever got me by a traffic cop!

—Johnny Yount

Now that I have thoughtfully let you in on the only makeup that works, and have no doubt thereby saved you the embarrassment of having your false nose fall off in the middle of a driver's test, allow me to share another trade secret: the only fake ID that is worth a damn.

Let me open by saying that fake ID is for the most part worthless, and downright dangerous. It can be useful as backup to hard ID, however, and this is probably its place. It is also OK to use fake ID to open an alternative address. Any other use

(especially Department of Motor Vehicles, etc.) is suicide! I think I have invested more than \$200 in fake ID preparatory to writing this book. Most of it is so laughably ridiculous I consider its manufacturers nothing but rip-off artists. All this compounded by the legislation requiring this type of ID to be stamped with "NOT A GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT" makes fake ID a bad bet all the way around.

Of all the privately printed IDs I have seen, only two are acceptable. Both are quite good; one is excellent. The first is the ID Pak from Southern Engraving, P.O. Box 517, Richland, SC 29675. These hearty souls have not knuckled under to the "NOT A GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT" law, so I presume their position is tenuous. Among the assortment of blank ID their "Pak" contains is the U.S. Government Driver's License. A friend of mine in the military swears up and down that that's what his looks like! All of Southern Engraving's stuff is blank, so you have to put it together with your own photos. Done properly, it doesn't look bad at all.

The best of the lot in this writer's humble opinion is the State ID from Lam-I-Dent, P.O. Box 8749, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Selling for about \$6, this ID is produced with the one-piece Polaroid method many states use for their driver's licenses. I have also been very pleased with Lam-I-Dent's attitude toward its customers. Very good. Service is reasonably fast, and if there is any problem they

are good for their money-back guarantee. Lam-I-Dent not only offers state IDs, they also have a handsome assortment of work IDs, CB IDs, Medical Alert cards, etc.

Do I really, at this late stage, need to caution you not to use any of the above in applying for a driver's license?

Thank you.

Chapter Fourteen:

Die

Be sure to visit your grocer and he'll be happy to show you how you can dye in your washing machine.

—Pardon My Blooper

I must have read thirty or forty of these “dropping out” books, and not one of them really deals with the issue before us: your untimely demise.

May you rest in peace.

Do you know how all those obituaries get in the paper? People call them in. So, call one in! “Yes, this is Mr. DeSalvo with the Fnrfkfr Brothers Mortuary calling in an obituary for Mr. _____ .
Died at home of natural causes, age _____ .
Survived by (an uncle who lives out of town, or better yet, out of the country, would be nifty here.)
No services are planned.”

After doing some preliminary research, I was surprised (I wonder why) to find that the only reason a paper would balk at your calling in an obituary is not because they figure you are putting them on, but rather because they want to be sure to get their fee!

What? You thought the obits are a public service to the bereaved on the part of the civic-minded newspaper? Guess again, Pollyanna. This whole obituary thing is on a cash-and-carry (or should I say “cash-and-bury?”) basis. Unless you are especially convincing on the phone, you may wish to handle the whole thing by mail. Some official-looking stationery might help. If you’re fairly convincing in person, you may wish to place the obituary as a bereaved family member. Remember, anyone with the money in hand can place an obituary.

Note: This will probably not work in law-enforcement matters where they are really after you. It *will* work to help pave your way to the new you who is going to take up residence in another town. Annoying neighbors, ex-wives, lightweight bill-collectors, vengeance-seeking boyfriends, et al., will most likely read or hear about the “bad news” and forget about you.

So, die! Die!

Chapter Fifteen:

Credit

Put money in thy purse.

—Iago in *Othello*
by William Shakespeare

I know a guy who charges several hundred dollars to straighten people's credit out. He is strictly establishment, nothing shady.

After you read what I am about to tell you, please send at least half that amount in cash. Gracias.

Obtaining credit is such a joke I am at a loss to imagine how anyone can make a living telling people how to get it. Just check the ads in your local paper or in *The National Enquirer* or any one of a similar type of literary gem, under the want-ad heading "Credit." Call them.

What it all boils down to is that you put up a secured deposit in their bank, and they pop for a credit card with a line of credit in that amount.

There'll be a modest enrollment fee (about \$35) and some paperwork. Your secured account will have to be for a minimum of \$300. Put in \$600 and you can have two credit cards, and so on. This creates a genuine history for the new you. Those of us who have quite literally been put out of the credit game by divorce or other tragedy can bounce back almost overnight with a new, flawless credit history. All the credit lending institutions you will be dealing with will be back east. I tried this very idea with some banks in California some years back (I have always considered myself a pioneer of sorts) and I was all but laughed out of their offices.

Things may be improving, however. I have just learned that Olympic Savings, 926 Taraval St., San Francisco, CA 94116, will work you a similar deal, only the ante is a thou, and you only get a credit line equal to half your deposit.

And you thought it was tough getting credit.

Chapter Sixteen:

Passports

Neither intelligence nor personality traits show up with any consistency in plain photographs.

—L.M. Boyd

Not all situations that can be cleared up by successful ID modification are of a frivolous nature, nor are they necessarily motivated by your native cheapness. Consider my friend from Europe. She moved over here as an exchange student. She is family. We love her. She works hard, and is truly a decent, gentle soul. What I am about to explain to you is such a Catch-22 that *Catch-22* by comparison seems like a course in Aristotelian logic. You see, she is homesick. She has not been back to her homeland in five years or thereabouts. Because of passport regulations, she can go back, but once she is there, *she cannot return*, because her passport is not American. The frightening thing is that there is probably a host of govern-

ment employees running around loose that believes such a regulation is sensible.

You have no doubt anticipated me, and are already aware that the whole problem could be dispensed with in an instant with a legitimate passport issued from the good ol' USA. (As of this writing, my friend is reluctant to pursue ID modification as her solution. She fears she will blow it. I commend her. Anyone who would be so lame as to try any stunt depicted in this book without having their story squared away is a *fool*! It should be noted in passing, by the way, that of all the agencies [Department of Motor Vehicles, Social Security Administration, etc.] the passport office is by far the easiest to work with. Most of the thing is transacted by mail. Your one and only personal appearance [due in no small part to your having read this book] will be before a sleepy postal employee who could not care less about you or your passport.) Should this young foreigner's need become more acute, and should she get her story squared away, there could be no simpler, more foolproof way on earth for her to travel than as an American.

Note: Abroad, Canadians are much better liked than Americans. Canada's overall posture of neutrality and non-meddling has endeared the folk of the Land of the Maple Leaf to everyone from taxi drivers to terrorists. According to the experience of many, many world travelers, you will always be treated better if you are traveling on a

Canadian passport.

Well, what are you waiting for?

Your “portfolio” of hard ID would be incomplete without a passport, this assuming you are considering some heavy-duty dropping out. However, I can’t imagine anyone who is really excited about ID modification who doesn’t have at least three passports, each under an alter ego. Let us consider, then, some simple steps to be taken to secure a valid passport, since I don’t think it’s fair that creeps and crooks are the only ones who know how.

First, you’ll need the application. Generally, these will be available at major post offices. They’re simple to fill out; you can do it right there if you’ve brought your birth certificate along (and the \$42 fee, too.) There are a couple of potential snags on the application. In the upper right-hand corner you are asked your Social Security Number. It is not mandatory for you to provide it, and words to that effect appear right there on the application. Also, the date of birth of both your parents is required. Make them up. They’re not on the birth certificate, so don’t run yourself ragged trying to come up with them. Simply approximate. If the birth certificate says “your” father was 35 when you were born, and your birthday was in 1945, simply subtract his age from your birthdate i.e.; $1945 - 35 = 1910$. Your father’s birthdate was sometime in 1910. Concoct a date, such as March 4, 1910, or whatever. If, after all your research, you

can't figure out the exact date, you certainly don't think some dimwitted clerk knows the difference, do you? Same thing with mother's birthdate.

Under the heading of "proposed travel plans" you are also free to create apocryphal information. It isn't required anyway, but it looks nice on the completed form. In my opinion the portion of the application that calls for the maximum creativity is under the heading "Person to notify in case of emergency." As you are aware that any alternate ID your friends know about is worthless, you are likewise aware that you can't put down any one of their names. This is where it comes in handy having several backup IDs: put one of them down. It is not mandatory to fill in this section of the application, but it just looks better if it is. It's more squared away, if you will.

After you've filled out the form, just go back to the clerk and present it, your \$42, and two photos (available at mail drops, travel agencies, or passport photographers—don't try doing your own!). You will also be turning over your birth certificate, which will be returned with your new passport. Don't get your wires crossed and give up your birth certificate for the two or three weeks it takes for your passport to reach you if you're going to be in a situation where you're going to need to come up with a birth certificate!

At this point, you will be asked to sign the application in the presence of the clerk, and swear "under penalty of perjury" that all the informa-

tion on the form is true and accurate. If you'll forgive my editorializing, a word about lying is in order here. Speaking for myself, I regret anything I say which is not true. I am satisfied that "bearing false witness" is very very wrong. I am also aware that lying is something we live with. What do you say when your wife, lover or whatever comes in with the most ridiculous hair-do you've ever seen and asks you how you like it? "Looks like hell, Baby. Change it." Only in old Cagney movies, ladies and gentlemen.

I am confident that if I were held up at gun-point and were asked "Is that all your money, man?" I would say yes, no matter how much I had tucked away in my sock. In other words I would lie. The government uses the "under penalty of perjury" line to intimidate honest people; crooks don't care. As to swearing to a set of patently false statements, even to the point of raising my right hand and taking an oath, let me say that I take such an oath about as seriously as a lodge oath, where I "swear" I will never reveal the Secret Handshake of the Ascended Master of the Mystic Knights. The presently constituted (what an unfortunate play on words) bureaucracy has demonstrated its bad faith to me time and time again. I have no more reason to be square with it than I have to be with the man with the gun to my stomach. In fact, by comparison, I rather admire the courage of the street bandit who is at least willing to confront face-to-face the one he is stealing

from. Moreover, he is not the least bit concerned in hiding in any way his true motives. He is a robber. No bureaucrat I am aware of is similarly frank. Thievery is disguised with a variety of euphemisms such as “programs,” “taxes,” “inflation,” and so on. I never flinch for a second lying to a liar, or to a liar’s lackey.

Once you’ve paid the forty-two-buck fee, handed over your paperwork and birth certificate and taken the solemn oath (aaaaaaaaamen!), you can look for your passport in a couple of weeks or so. They’ll tell you longer, but generally the turn-around time is quite short.

Note: Many are concerned that they will be found out if they apply for more than one passport using their same old face on their photo. I am not willing to rule out the possibility that during a slow season there is not some possibility that the guy who did your first passport won’t be the guy who does your next one. This danger can be precluded by traveling to an area serviced by another passport processing center. For a complete listing of which office services what area, I recommend the “Passport Agent’s Manual,” available from Eden Press. It’s a litho copy of the very manual your friendly neighborhood passport folks use.

Speaking of traveling, I cannot imagine a bigger waste of time than visiting a state or country and not getting ID while I am there. A couple of clean birth certificates should be part of any serious ID modifier’s luggage.

A Final Thought

What I have done in the preceding chapters is to present as best I am able, two complementary plans for dropping out of sight. While they could conceivably be used to get a traveling ID (rock stars and other luminaries find these helpful), that is not their intent.

No, I am rather thinking of the man who has done all he can to salvage his marriage, but not only will his wife not listen to reason, she is compounding his heartbreak by threatening him with total financial ruin. (I know a man in Ohio whose alimony was \$50 more than he made!) I am thinking of the woman who has been harassed and hounded by a determined ex (or would-be) lover who will not take the hint, and indeed has threatened bodily harm. I am thinking of so many Americans who can no longer sit back and allow their innermost thoughts to be the subject of some government computer readout.

I am thinking of you, whoever you are. I wish you peace, freedom, sanctity and sanity. I wish you a beautiful new life in a beautiful new place. And, I pray if I run into you, I won't recognize you anyway!

Live long.

Vanish!

Appendix

Certificate of Baptism

This Certifies That

DANUELLE JULIE BRISOCE

Child of Nellis A. Brisoce

and Margaret J. Brisoce

Born at Stillwater, Oklahoma

Date of Birth January 14, 1964

Was baptized in St. Paul's Church
San Francisco, Calif.

On the 9th day of June

In the year of our Lord 1964

in the Name of the Father and of the Son
and of the Holy Spirit

Witnesses:

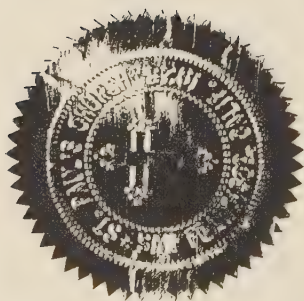
Nellis Brisoce

Margaret Brisoce

Rev. Kelvin Larson

Pastor

Rev. Kelvin Larson, DD



Go therefore and make disciples of all nations,
baptizing them in the name of the Father and
of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Matthew 28:19

Certificate of Baptism manufactured for an alternative ID.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA										LOCAL REGISTRATION DISTRICT AND CERTIFICATE NUMBER	
1A. NAME OF DECEASED—FIRST 1B. MIDDLE 11C. LAST										2A. DATE OF DEATH (MONTH, DAY, YEAR) 2B. HOUR	
DECEDENT PERSONAL DATA	3. SEX	4. RACE/ETHNICITY	5. SPANISH/HISPANIC <input type="checkbox"/>	6. DATE OF BIRTH	7. AGE	8. UNDER 1 YEAR MONTHS DAYS		9. UNDER 24 HOURS HOURS MINUTES		10. BIRTH NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER	
	8. BIRTHPLACE OF DECEASED (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY)		9. NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER		10. BIRTH NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER		11. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
USUAL RESIDENCE	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
PLACE OF DEATH	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
CAUSE OF DEATH	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATION	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
INJURY INFORMATION	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
CORONER'S USE ONLY	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
36. DISPOSITION	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
37. DATE—MONTH, DAY, YEAR	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
38. NAME AND ADDRESS OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
39. EMPALMER'S LICENSE NUMBER AND SIGNATURE	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
40A. NAME OF FUNERAL DIRECTOR (OR PERSON ACTING AS SUCH)	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
40B. LICENSE NO.	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
41. LOCAL REGISTRAR—SIGNATURE	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
42. DATE RECEIVED BY LOCAL REGISTRAR	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS
	11A. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY		11B. IF DECEASED WAS EVER IN MILITARY SERVICE		11C. DATE OF DEATH		11D. TYPE OF DEATH		12. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER		13. MARITAL STATUS

**State of California, certi-
ficate of death.**

Point Loma High School

San Diego, California

Be it known that

Jean Edwin Pearse

having completed a course of study prescribed
for graduation from the Point Loma High School
is granted this diploma

Given at San Diego, California.



Clarence P. Svenson
Principal

W. R. Kepner
Superintendent of Schools
Arthur H. McArthur
President of the Board of Education

The State of California

To all to whom these Letters shall come Greeting

The Department of Education of the State of California through the
San Diego State College

on recommendation of the Faculty of the College has conferred upon
Abbie Hoffman

who has satisfactorily completed the Requirements therefor the Degree of
Bachelor of Arts
with all the Rights Privileges and Honors thereunto appertaining

Given by the Department of Education of the
State of California at San Diego this twenty-ninth day
of January



Walter P. Kepner
President of the College
Walter F. Dexter
Director of Education
of the State of California

Both of these diplomas, the high school diploma on top and the college diploma above, were manufactured for use as alternative IDs.

Vanish!

Ex-wife, creditors, or Uncle Sam—are they trying to ice you? Are you at wit's end, dodging letters, phone calls, physical confrontations? Want a way out, and continue living?

Vanish!

Get the facts on disappearance through ID acquisition. Know the mail drop, the untraceable signature, support documentation, the basics of a new identity—right down to the birth certificate. Learn how to “die” through advertisement. Here's how to do it fast, and make it last.

Die, and live.

Vanish!

ISBN 0-87364-398-4

A Paladin Press Book
